CAPTAIN BARBER's

Gallant Behaviour.

To which is added,

The Sailor's Courtſhip.

In THREE PARTS.

I. The Courtſhip between a Sailor and a Farmer's Daughter.

II. The Sailor's Mother's extreme Paſſion for her Son's pretending to marry the Farmer's Daughter whom ſhe thought below his Fortune.

III. The Sailor's Wedding, who brought his bride home to his mother, in ſuch a rich Garb, that ſhe took her for a lady, till the Farmer her father otherwiſe informed her, paying down two hundred Guineas on the wedding day; concluding with the Sailor's Mother's frolickſome Figure upon the Sight of the Gold.

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The gallant Behaviour of Captain Barber, Commander of the Reſolution Privateer.

COme all you Britons bold that Plow rthe raging Main,
Come liſten to my ſtory theſe lines which I proclaim,
It is of the Reſolution a ſhip that fears no foe,
Commanded by one Barber a valiant man I know.

He is kind and tender hearted in every degree,
He rules his men with juſtice and generoſity;
When bold Capt. Barber takes broad-ſwo'd in hand,
The French to fight is our delight, when Barber gives command.

The 16th of September the morning being clear,
We ſpy'd a loſty frigate belonging to monſieur;
There ſoon about we gave her which ſhe return'd again
Well done my lads ſaid Barber, for this begin's the game.

All hands to quarters our Boatſwain then did cry,
Get all things in readineſs before we come to nigh;
Caſt of our quarter ſailing, the gunner he did ſay,
It never ſhall be ſaid brave boys that we did run away

We engag'd her for nine glaſſes full hot on every ſide,
Being determined to pull down her pride,
Then ſoon they got their tacks on board, and from us bore away,
Which made our hearts grieve to think, we could not make them ſtay.

We hoiſted all the ſale we could, and ſailed very nigh,
Until we thought it was in vain for to purſue our prize;
We chaſed her till the evening, the day-light being done,
Hearing no noiſe, we thought brave boys, to meet with her next morn.

The Spy ſhe was our conſort as many one can tell,
Her Captain being a valiant man and manages her

Her topmaſt being ſhot away, which griev'd our hearts to ſee,
To think our goodly conſort was brought to that degree.
Thus to conclude my ditty, theſe lines which I have penn'd,
Succeſs unto our officers for they're the ſeaman's friend;
Succeſs to the Reſolution while ſhe ſails on the main,
And ſend brave Capt. Barber ſafe to liverpool again.

The SAILORS GARLAND.

A Sailor courted a farmer's daughter,
Whoſe living was in the wild of Kent,
But mark I pray you what followed after,
He waited long e're ſhe gave conſent:
With conſtant courting and ſtill reporting
Great things concerning the Ocean wide,
Said he my ſweeting, at this bleſt meeting,
Oh! give conſent to be my bride.
I muſt acknowledge I do adore thee,
With all the tender reſpects of love,
None ever conquer'd my heart before thee,
Whom I admire and prize above
The richeſt jewel, then be not cruel,
But lay thine angry frowns aſide,
And my dear ſweeting &c.
Said ſhe a ſailor I don't admire,
Becauſe they travel to foreign parts,
The more their company we deſire
The more they leave us with aching hearts;
And we lament with great vexation,
Therefore I pray now be ſatisfied.
Parting would grieve me, therefore believe me,
I am not willing to be your bride.
Be not diſturb'd at the vain notion,
For I'll not often afflict thee ſo:
Once more I reckon to ſail the ocean,
Becauſe my love I'm ſ[illegible]

To ſerve the nation in this my ſtation,
The which e're long I will lay aſide.
Therefore my ſweeting, &c.
After the death of my loving mother,
I ſhall be bleſt with a good eſtate,
And thee my jewel above all other
I have made choice to be my mate,
Let me but gain thee and I'll maintain thee
With joy and pleaſure on every ſide.
Therefore my ſweeting, &c.
Altho I ſeem like a private ſailor,
Yet ne'ertheleſs I declare my dear;
My father he was a merchant taylor,
He left me ſeven ſcore pounds a year.
A fair beginning, ſilk, lace, fine linen,
For thee my jewel I will provide.
Therefore my ſweeting, &c.
When once I come to the full poſſeſſion,
Of my inheritance ne'er fear,
But I'll account it the beſt diſcretion,
To ſtay at home and enjoy my dear,
With peace and pleaſure in midſt of treaſure,
Taking my leave of the ocean wide.
Therefore my ſweeting, &c.
When he had told this pleaſant ſtory,
She had no pow'r to ſay him nay;
Thinking herſelf in the higheſt glory,
Unto the ſailor ſhe thus did ſay,
Thou'ſt gain'd my favour and love for ever,
Therefore my dear be ſatisfied.
As thou art loyal no more denial,
For I am willing to be thy bride.
Said he my promiſe ſhall not be broken,
So long as I have a day to live,
And take this Ring as a faithful token,
Which as a pledge of love I give.
[illegible] love thee dearly,

When I return from the ocean wide.
To thee dear ſweeting, &c.

The Second PART.

UNTO his mother it was reported,
Before he ever could get on board,
That he a farmer's daughter courted
Whoſe friends and parents could not afford
To give a portion, at this ſtrange notion,
His mother to him in a paſſion run.
And cry'd forſake her, if wife you make her
I'll never own you to be my ſon.
Will you take one with ne'er a penny,
A farmer's daughter as I am told,
Here you may have the choice of many,
With birth and breeding and ſtore of gold,
In London City, methinks 'tis pity,
That this my wealth ſhould to ruin run.
I pray forſake her, &c.
There's Mrs Suſan of Charming beauty,
Who has five hundred pounds I know,
I charge you therefore upon your duty,
That you to her wou'd a wooing go,
Pray pleaſe your mother and quit the other,
Why ſhould your treaſure to ruin run,
Be ſure forſake her, &c.
You may have Nancy, Sir. William's couſin,
A wealthy damſel of beauty bright;
Nay I could mention at leaſt a dozen
Who in your company take delight.
Can theſe not pleaſe you, does madneſs ſeize you,
What, are you willing to be undone?
I pray forſake her, &c.
What made you in ſuch a paſſion mother?
I muſt needs tell you you're come too late,
I love my jewel above all other,
Whom you can mention tho' ne'er ſo great.

For she's my honey a fig for money,
She has my love and affection won.
I'll ne'er forsake her, but wife I'll make her,
Tho' you disown me to be your son.
I ever honoured my tender parents,
And that I hope I can fairly prove:
Why should you threaten to be at variance
Because I marry the girl I love,
Altho' you hate me and abhor me,
I'll finish now what's so well begun.
I'll ne'er forsake her, &c.
Fair youthful beauty is often winning,
And men's fond heart is soon betray'd,
Dear mother think of your own beginning,
My father took you a servant maid;
Then don't despise her, I mean to raise her,
As my dear father to you hath done.
I'll ne'er forsake her, &c.
This eight long years I have sail'd the ocean,
And then for love I to her did go,
I never enquired about a portion,
She may have money for ought I know,
But have, or have not, she's my lot,
I joy to think that my love I have won.
I will not forsake her, &c.
The farmer's daughter I have been courting,
Though I should marry her out of hand,
You cannot hinder me of my fortune,
As being heir to my father's land,
When I that blessing shall be possessing,
I'll never travel as I have done.
With her I'll tarry, with whom I'll marry,
Till the last sand of my glass is run.
The sailor's mother like one distracted,
She smote her breast and her hair she tore;
Saying since he had such love contracted,
She'd never come in his presence more.

He cry'd dear mother your paſſion ſmother,
For I can't from my promiſe run.
I'll ne'er forſake her, &c.

The Third PART.

THE farmer hearing the confuſion,
And that his daughter was ſlighted ſo,
By his harſh mother, then in concluſion,
He let the jolly ſailor know,
That if he'd tarry at home and marry,
A ſpacious Farm he would give him free;
For plowing ſowing, for reaping mowing,
He had no child in the world but ſhe.
The noble ſailor ſoon conſented,
To quit the trouble of the ocean wide,
Her friends and he were all contented,
They ſhould in pomp to his mother ride;
Their gay attires like knights and ſquires,
They made a ſplendid tearing ſhow,
He told his mother he had brought another,
The farmer's daughter ſhe did not know.
Amongſt a million of charming faces,
The like of her you'll ſcarce behold;
Her garb was ſattin and coſtly laces,
And round her neck a fair chain of gold,
Tranſparent beauty, my ſon, your duty,
Thou haſt obſerved now I muſt ſay,
Still as ſhe veiw'd her ſhe did conclude her,
To be no leſs than a lady gay.
Next day then after they were married,
His mother ſaid with a chearful voice,
I'm glad all things are ſo fairly carried,
I never lik'd your farmer's choice,
'Twould been your ruin and ſad undoing,
If you had took her I'm bold to ſay,
Come love and treaſure, bring joy and pleaſure,
I'm glad you have

With that the jolly farmer told her,
This lady sprung from the painful plow:
Altho' said he in silk you behold her,
Yet what can you say against her now,
Pray cause no faction, nor make no distraction,
But love them both as they can agree:
And do not harm her, for I'm a farmer,
And have no child in the world but she.

That very minute upon the table,
Out of his bag he was pleas'd to pour,
Two hundred guineas, and said I'm able,
To give my daughter as many more,
This pleas'd his mother above all other,
Who said I'm glad the knot is ty'd:
When first he sought her, I never thought her,
To be so beautiful a bride.

Then there was nothing but joy between them,
The musick play'd a chearful round,
You would have laugh'd if you had seen them,
The old wife trotted the Cheshire round:
The father's treasure bro't peace and pleasure,
All grief and sorrow bid adieu:
His mother kiss'd her and often blest her,
You see what silver and gold can do.